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Agricultural.

ALONG THE EAST SHORE OF LAKE MICHIGAN.

NO. III.

After leaving Manistee north, the aspect along shore is very much the same as previously noticed, sandy bluffs bordering the lake and dwarf pines crowning the distant hills, but after a few miles the far away woodland changes to a denser growth, the bluffs are higher and more regular. Island from this lies Bear Lake, around which a rich quality of timber soil is found, and settlers have made large farms and are prosperous. A logging road from Manistee is laid to Bear Lake, which brings down maple, elm, and other hardwood timber. This industry is a growing one, and settlers now are not so intent on burning up their timber as formerly, but increase their revenue while clearing the land by the sale of hardwood logs. This hard wood belt soon reaches the shore and runs east to the Grand Rapids and Indiana R. R., through the northern part of Manistee and Wexford, and nearly the whole of Benzie and Grand Traverse Counties. Starting from Bear Lake, going east to the above named railroad, the towns of Cleon, Marilla, Sherman, Wheatland, and Manton are located. Around each of these towns large settlements of prosperous farmers are found, whose only need is a railroad to bring the locality into notice, when the value of these lands will be appreciated, and more settlers will flock in to appropriate them.

At Frankfort, which was reached just at sunset, the high bluffs part, and we ran in to a splendid harbor surrounded by high hills, whose sides are cultivated, and which are situated farms, and fields, and gardens and orchards. Here is located the smelting furnace of the Detroit Stove Works Company. It lies close up under the hills on the south side of the bay, while the town is mostly on the north side. This is one of the few temperance towns of the State; there is not a drinking saloon to be found, and the authorities say none shall be established, public sentiment is well up the gauge, and drinking is on a par with stealing, and has to take the same chances.

Frankfort has gained some notoriety for the production of fruit, which seems to be well merited, as the soil and location are especially adapted to that industry. A peculiar feature of this whole region is the strong soil of the hill lands in comparison with flat lands. The hill tops are a heavy gravelly loam, very strongly impregnated with lime, producing excellent crops of all kinds.

I visited the farm of W. H. Francis, a mile or more inland on the Benzonia road. He has a large peach and plum orchard. The first peaches set were planted seven years ago; among them were ten Hale's Early trees, which have born three years in succession. The first year of bearing the net sales were \$20; the next \$35, and this year he has sold \$70 worth, making \$15 sold from the ten trees in the three years. The trees are now in very thrifty condition, and bid fair to continue production for a long time yet. The plum orchard was not in show condition on account of a blighting wind which came some time in midsummer, and destroyed the foliage, which had dropped off. The fruit in consequence did not mature; this irregular visitation never before appeared, but it served all alike, except where orchards were sheltered by belts of timber or hill sides.

Benzonia, the county seat of Benzie Co., lies inland eight miles from Frankfort. The county is covered wholly with beech and maple timber, except in the southeastern township, where some pine lands are found. The surface between Frankfort and Benzonia is hilly—not what might be termed rough, but undulating. The slopes are all practicable for cultivation, none so abrupt but they can be tilled. East from Benzonia the land falls off into

THE FRESH MEAT TRADE.

Judging from the reports in the New York papers of the past three weeks there is quite a revolution taking place in the manner in which the metropolis is to be supplied with its fresh meats. For several years past the city of Boston and several other cities of the East have been supplied with a large portion of the fresh meats consumed by them by companies controlling refrigerator car lines, who slaughtered the animals in Chicago and delivered to them the beef and pork ready for the retailer. New York dealers did not take kindly to this new innovation, and although small quantities of the refrigerator beef have been handled in that city, still the amount was comparatively small, and the business could hardly be said to have obtained a foothold there. The last ten days seem to have changed this state of affairs entirely. One of the refrigerator companies rented several stalls in one of the principal city markets, took down the partitions and threw them all into one. They then proceeded to fit it up for a cooling room, that is, arrange for a temperature that does not vary from that of the refrigerator cars. When this was completed a large consignment of refrigerator beef was introduced, and a sign notified the public that "The Chicago Fresh Meat Company" had opened out business in the city of New York.

The company put on the market a good class of beef and reduced the prices to a lower rate than dealers could buy the beef on foot at the yards. They offered the beef by the carcass at \$6.00 to \$8.00 per hundred, while the quotations in the New York market ranged from \$7.75 per hundred for Texans to \$8.50 to \$14.00 for poor to extra native steers; these prices being on the estimated dead weight of the animal. That this competition has created an excitement among the dealers in live stock as well as the butchers, can readily be supposed, and the question now being discussed among them is where it is going to end.

The principal dealers at present in the dressed meat trade are Geo. H. Hammond & Co., Swift & Co., and Armour & Co., all of Chicago, although Mr. Hammond is a resident of this city. But already several other firms are embarking in the business, and slaughtering establishments, with a capacity of 2,500 to 3,500 head of cattle daily, and cooling rooms in the East with a like capacity, are under construction.

In talking with one of the dealers as to the future prospects of the trade, he said the time is close at hand when the shipment of live stock East will cease altogether. We can slaughter cattle in the West and deliver the dressed beef in New York at a cheaper rate than it can be done by shipping the cattle alive. In the first place the offal is worth nearly twice as much in Chicago as it is in New York. Then in shipping we can put double the number of dressed carcasses in a car that can be carried of live cattle, and this again cheapens the beef. Then the feeding and yardage charges between Chicago and New York, which have been a very heavy tax on shippers, will be done away with; the cost of the ice for the refrigerator cars being only a small matter as compared with the feed bills. Besides this, the beef arrives in New York in much better condition than the beef dressed there, as it is free from bruises, and from the manner in which it has been handled has a much finer flavor and is more tender. These are the arguments used by one in the business, and the points on which he basis his opinion that the time is shortly coming when all the principal cities in the Union will be supplied with dressed meats slaughtered in the West, and that the days of the cattle shipper are numbered, east of Chicago.

FEEDING STOCK ON THE FARM.

As this is the season when every farmer is more or less interested in the subject of stock feeding, we give the following from Prof. A. S. Knapp, of the Iowa Agricultural College, which we find in the *Homestead* of that State. The statement respecting the cost of increased weight at different ages is worthy of attention, and shows the necessity of selecting well bred animals if feeders would secure the best returns. The Professor says:

"Loaning money to farmers at twenty percent, would be counted an extortion, and if the legal interest were fixed at that rate, the whole fraternity of producers would rise in rebellion. It is my purpose to show that more than twenty percent is annually squandered on the farm by unwise stock management, and with scarcely a protest—the farmer generally supposing himself to be a pattern of economy. One of the more evident losses arises from the use of inferior stock to consume the products of the farm. Well bred Shorthorn steers can be marketed at three years old, weighing 1,600 pounds, which at the present time, should bring the owner \$120.00 each. These estimates are placed low enough to include general averages. Good scrub steers at the same age, fed in the same lots and equally as well, may average 1,300 lbs., and, when placed on the same market, may bring the

owner 6 cents per lb., or \$78. This difference of forty-two dollars is in part due to weight, and in part to quality; all of which may be expressed in the term 'beefy feeder.'

"If it can be shown, as it has been claimed, that the increased weight of the one animal over the other was caused by a corresponding increased consumption of food, then the profit would be mainly in the increase of price per pound, and very little in the added weight. This would reduce the difference in profit to \$24.

"Again, it has been claimed that it cost more to put on the last three hundred lbs.; that it required mainly corn to produce such a steer, while the lighter steers could be largely made on grass; hence the added money for the heavy steer was no gain. If the extra weight of the well-bred Shorthorn steer was put on at the last end there would be some force in the arguments, but a careful comparison of the growth of the two classes of steers will show, that largely the relative gain was made by the better steers during the first year. It will be found that in the main, size is determined by growth during the first year, and the difference in marketed weights of animals of equal age and flesh is a difference chargeable to better digestive and assimilative organs, and more abundant nutritious food during the calf period. The question of relative cost is then transferred mainly to the first year's growth; and I wish to show the great advantage of making the largest gain practicable on the calf. Where animals are marketed at three years old, weighing 1,600 lbs., the gain may be fairly divided as follows: First year, 150 lbs.; 2d year, 450 lbs.; 3d year, 900 lbs. This is where even growth and flesh have been maintained. Upon the basis of the Weende experiments, it would require, allowing for weight of calf at birth, about 3,517 lbs. of clover hay (or its equivalent) to sustain the calf and carry on vital functions for one year without loss, while it was increasing to 850 lbs. live weight.

"To add 750 pounds to the first year's gain it required two years, during which the average weight of the animal was 1,223 lbs. Upon the same basis it required 17,883 lbs. of clover hay to sustain life without loss. Both these amounts (3,517 and 17,883) are an absolute loss to the feeder, for they are consumed in the production of vital force and give no gain. If clover hay be estimated at \$5 per ton, the loss to the feeder in one case was \$8.71 in increase to 850 lbs. live weight, and in the other case \$44.71, while producing 750 lbs. of flesh. This is not all. The digestive and assimilative powers are more active during the first period, and a pound of flesh is actually made out of less material than in the second. While experiments have not precisely tested a case like this, and it may be a little difficult to fix the exact ratio, it will not be far from correct to estimate twenty per cent. in favor of the calf. Calves under three months old have almost perfect digestion, frequently making three lbs. of flesh out of 3.3 lbs. of dry matter; and from this point of perfect digestion there is a constant decline.

"Another point must be taken into consideration. The well fed animal uses its food more profitably. It seems necessary for the blood to be rich in flesh material before the animal is in condition to utilize to the best advantage the food consumed. It is difficult to assign a per cent. to this, but it is something, and must be taken into account in feeding stock. It would appear then, that the dead loss in keeping an animal three years, used while producing 1,600 lbs. live weight, on the basis of clover hay, is \$53.50; that is, it requires this amount to repair the machinery and keep it in working order. If the animal could have attained the 1,600 weight at two years, as in the case of Monongahela steers, the loss would have only \$31.15, making a saving of \$22.35 by earlier maturity. Add to this the per cent. of calf and yearling flesh can be made cheaper than an older animal, and the advantage of abundant rations, rich in protein, which is will estimate at 16 per cent, and we have a total gain of \$40.35, which is made by producing the 1,600 lbs. in one year less.

"The farmer who sold the well bred steer at 3 years old for \$120.00 received \$42 more than his neighbor, who sold the well fed scrub steer at the same age for \$78.00. If it cost the same to produce them the profit of the one over the other was over fifty per cent.; and the progressive farmer, who brought his best steer to 1,600 lbs. at two years old, again saved \$40.35 on production—over 34 per cent. of the amount received on the three year olds.

"There is another way to state the case, which is simpler and perhaps just as satisfactory to the farmer. The farmer who matures steers at three years, weighing 1,600 lbs., finds the gain, in general, as follows: First year, 850 lbs.; 2d year, 450 lbs.; 3d year, 900 lbs. (This is where the animal is fed steadily from the first) and he further finds that they consumed more food the second year to produce 450 lbs. than in the first year to produce 850 lbs.; and it cost more the third year to produce 900 lbs. than in the second year to get 450 lbs.

"In this argument for early maturity the figures are not exact, but approximate and sufficiently close to fairly represent the case."

THE OVID FAIR.

The Ovid Fair last week turned out to be a good one, and was more than up to expectations. The entries were about 1,700 in number, and included a very good display of live stock and agricultural products. The halls were well filled, and were arranged very tastefully. In live stock the show of cattle, sheep and hogs was very good. In sheep especially the exhibition was unusually fine, the various classes being well filled and with excellent specimens of the breed. The Merinos of course led in numbers, but long wools were well represented. Mr. DeCamp showed 85 head of Merinos, throughbreds and high grades, and carried off eight firsts and six second premiums. C. Hubbard & Son had 10 head, seven of them registered stock, and got two seconds. Wm. Swartout had 11 head of registered and grade Merinos, Milton Clark, J. Shaver, R. M. Cross, George R. Warren, and some others also showed Merinos and grades. In the long wool classes the entries were all Cotswolds. The exhibitors were Wm. Carpenter and K. Beeby, and both showed some fine imported stock.

In cattle Hubbard & Son showed their herd of Shorthorns, and were awarded five first premiums and one second. They also showed some fine grades, getting two firsts and two seconds, and also first on pair matched cattle. A. H. Warren got first on three year old heifer, first on yearling and grade Merinos, and was awarded five firsts and one second on two year old heifer.

In horses some fine animals were shown, but we did not secure either the names of exhibitors or the horses, except in one or two cases. Mr. J. Shaver showed some grade Percherons, on which he got three second premiums; he also got first on five year old draft stallion, and first on yearling bull and second on two year old heifer.

In swine Mr. Hubbard & Son showed some very fair Berkshires, and Mr. Shaver Polonais and Chinas.

The attendance at the Fair was fully up to expectations, and everything appeared to be satisfactory to both visitors and exhibitors. The managers say they will have a big fair next year sure.

Feeding Damaged Wheat.

OKEMOS, INDIANA, Oct., 9, 1882.

To the Editor of the Michigan Farmer.
DEAR SIR.—I see in the FARMER from time to time the question of what to do with our large amount of damaged wheat discussed. Thinking perhaps that my experience in the matter might be of practical benefit to some of the many interested, I will give you the result of my experiments in feeding it to pigs. On September 6th, I weighed nine hogs whose combined weight was 1,850 pounds, and that day commenced feeding them on stubble rakes of wheat that was very badly grown. After feeding about 20 days on that, I changed to the sprouted wheat blown over in clearing the damaged wheat, nearly every kernel of which was sprouted. I used two large casks, and soaked it all for about two days before feeding, so that it would be pretty well soured. On the 7th of October I again weighed the pigs, and on figuring up found that the nine weighed 1,795 pounds, or a gain of 435 pounds, having consumed 1,851 pounds of wheat; a trifle less than 44 pounds of wheat producing a pound of pork, or, in other words, 1,951 pounds of wheat, that was entirely unfit for market, have changed nine pigs, worth 6¢ per pound, or \$1.60, to 1,795 lbs. worth 6¢ per pound, or \$121.16, or \$39.56 gain. This is a trifle over \$1.21 per bushel for the damaged wheat.

NOW, Mr. Editor, I think if the farmers of Michigan would quit selling the thin light hogs that they are continually sending to market, and feed little more of the poor wheat, we would see fewer complaints of Michigan hogs bringing less than those from other States, and we would soon see hogs quoted as high in Detroit as Chicago, while at the same time it would bring much more cash than to sell the wheat for 50 or 60¢ per bushel, as many are doing at present. Hoping this may do some good to the farmers of Michigan, I remain,

Respectfully yours,
Geo. W. PHELPS.

Frost Indications.

The chief officer of the signal service has had several papers prepared on subjects of especial interest to farmers and navigators, and one of these, under the title "How to Foretell Frosts," is of so interesting a character that we make room for it in our columns. It says:

"At all temperatures, even the lowest, moisture exists in the atmosphere in an invisible state; the air is never absolutely dry. The intervals between the particles of air are partly filled with the vapor that is constantly rising from the earth. This capacity of the air for moisture has a limit, and when this is reached the air is said to be saturated. A rise of temperature increases the capacity of the air for moisture. On the other hand a fall of temperature diminishes the capacity. But the capacity of the air for moisture increases more rapidly than the temperature.

Thus, air can contain at 32 degrees the 1600th part of its own weight, and at 59 degrees the 50th part, and at 70 degrees the 40th part, the law being that for every 10° increase of temperature the capacity is doubled. After showing how the amount of vapor in the air may be measured by noting the temperature at which the moisture begins to be condensed on a cold vessel, the writer gives a full description of the dry and wet bulb hygrometer, and illustrates the manner in which the 'dew point' can be ascertained by its use. Regarding its usefulness to agriculturists he says: 'The ascertainment of the dew point is of great practical importance, particularly to horticulturists, since it shows the point near which the descent of the temperature of the air during the night will be arrested. For when the air has been cooled down by radiation to this point dew is deposited and latent heat is given out. The amount of heat thus set free being great the dew point is immediately raised. The temperature continues to be repeated, and thus the temperature of the air in contact with plants or other materials may be considered as gently oscillating about the dew point. For if it raises higher the loss of heat by radiation speedily lowers it. Thus the dew point determines the minimum temperature of the surface of leaves on the ground during the night. The minimum temperature in the instrument shelter would be higher than this.'

"This suggests an important practical use of the hygrometer. If the dew point be ascertained by it the approach of low temperature or of frost may be foreseen and provided against. Thus suppose on a fine, clear day, toward evening, that the dry bulb is 50 degrees and the wet bulb 40 degrees, the dew point at the time is therefore, 20 degrees Fahrenheit. Frost on the ground may then be predicted with certainty, and no time ought to be lost in protecting such tender plants as may be exposed in the open air. If, on the other hand, with a sky quite as clear, the dry bulb is 50 degrees and the wet bulb 43 degrees, frost need not be feared, assuming the sky remains perfectly clear of haze or clouds, the rising or depressing of the dew point during the night (with a change of wind) are the only circumstances that can happen to interfere with the predictions founded on the hygrometer. Frequently the presence of haze at the high altitudes during the night prevents the radiation of heat from the earth and thereby the frost which otherwise would have occurred. Hoar frost is formed under the same circumstances as dew, with the exception of a lower temperature. When the temperature of the surface of plants falls below 32 degrees the moisture of the air is condensed on them in the solid state and forms a layer of snow crystals like spongy ice. Hoar frost, therefore, is not frozen dew but the moisture of the air is deposited in the solid form, without having passed through the liquid condition. Hoar frost, like dew, is deposited chiefly upon those bodies which are radiating heat, such as plants and the leaves of vegetables, and the deposit is made principally on those parts which are turned toward the sky. Since plants sometimes become cooled by radiation from 32 to 15 degrees below the temperature of the surrounding air, a frost may occur when the ground is sheltered a few feet above the ground, in an instrument-shelter, may not sink to 32 degrees. During a clear and still night, when a thermometer six feet above the ground sinks to 36 degrees, a heavy frost may occur when the same thermometer sinks only to 47 degrees. Whatever prevents the radiation of heat serves also to check the formation of hoar frost. During the cold nights of spring, plants which are sheltered by trees are less liable to be injured by frost than those which are fully exposed, and a thin covering of cloth or straw will generally afford entire protection. A garden may frequently be saved from injury by kindling a small smudge fire, which will envelop the plants in a cloud of smoke. Fogs and clouds also protect vegetation from the effects of frost."

All persons desiring to use the hygrometer will be supplied with them by the Chief Officer of the Signal Service at cost price, \$7. Full instructions as to the manner of reading them will also be furnished free of charge.

Making Good Pork.

MICHIGAN FARMER

—AND—

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The Michigan Farmer

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State Journal of Agriculture.

DETROIT, TUESDAY, OCT. 17, 1882.

Mr. P. W. RYAN is the authorized subscription agent of the MICHIGAN FARMER, and parties can pay money to him at our risk.

WHEAT.

The receipts of wheat in this market the past week have been 350,238 bu., while the shipments were 356,052 bu. The visible supply of this grain on Oct. 7 was 13,946,219 bu. against 20,170,000 bu. at the corresponding date in 1881. This shows an increase over the amount in sight the previous week of 796,606 bu. The exports for Europe for the week were 2,499,207 bu., against 3,482,051 bu. by the previous week, and for the past eight weeks 26,825,663 against 15,965,631 bu. for the corresponding eight weeks in 1881. The stocks in this city on Saturday amounted to 209,385 bu., against 272,235 last week, and 191,765 bu. at the corresponding date in 1881.

The following table exhibits the daily closing prices of wheat from October 2 to October 16:

	No. 1	No. 2	No. 3	No. 2.	No. 3.	No. 1	No. 2	No. 3	No. 1	No. 2	No. 3
Oct. 2.....	69	66	64	66	64	62	66	64	62	66	64
3.....	69	66	64	66	64	62	66	64	62	66	64
4.....	1 00	96	86	98	92	95	1 00	96	86	98	92
5.....	1 00	94	84	96	90	88	1 00	94	84	96	90
6.....	1 00	94	84	96	90	88	1 00	94	84	96	90
7.....	1 00	95	85	97	91	89	1 00	95	85	97	91
9.....	1 01	91	79	1 01	95	93	1 01	91	79	1 01	95
10.....	1 00	94	84	96	90	88	1 00	94	84	96	90
11.....	0 90	88	74	0 90	84	76	0 90	88	74	0 90	84
12.....	0 94	81	75	0 91	87	79	0 94	81	75	0 91	87
13.....	0 94	81	75	0 91	87	79	0 94	81	75	0 91	87
14.....	1 01	93	87	1 01	97	91	1 01	93	87	1 01	97
15.....	1 01	93	87	1 01	97	91	1 01	93	87	1 01	97
16.....	1 01	93	87	1 01	97	91	1 01	93	87	1 01	97

Yesterday the market closed a little lower on spot wheat, but futures were stronger and showed an advance in sympathy with the markets at other points.

The following table shows the closing prices of the various deals for the past week:

	Oct. Nov. Dec. Jan. Feb.				
Tuesday.....	93 3/4	93 3/4	93 3/4	93 3/4	93 3/4
Wednesday.....	1 00	99	98	98	98
Thursday.....	1 00	98 1/2	98 1/2	98 1/2	98 1/2
Friday.....	1 00	98 1/2	98 1/2	98 1/2	98 1/2
Saturday.....	1 00	98 1/2	98 1/2	98 1/2	98 1/2
Monday.....	1 00	98 1/2	98 1/2	98 1/2	98 1/2

The week has developed much firmer feeling in the wheat market, and all grades of white wheat are in demand at advanced prices. It is singular that red winter wheats are slightly lower than a week ago in the face of the advance in all grades of white. The advance in cash wheat has been followed by a slight advance in futures, but there is not much disposition to speculate at present, owing to the fear that the crop of this season is so much larger than usual that it will run prices very low when farmers commence marketing it generally. We are not among the believers in the big estimates that have been so industriously circulated by various newspapers. That we are not alone in regarding these estimates as grossly inaccurate, we give the following from the report of the Agricultural Department, just published:

"October returns relative to the yield per acre of wheat estimated from results of threshing foreshadows a product slightly exceeding 500,000,000 bushels and possibly reaching 520,000,000 bushels. The average yield per acre appears to be nearly 14 bushels on an acreage slightly less than 37,000,000 acres. There is a reduction of area in the spring wheat region and a large yield in the great winter wheat growing belt of the west. Taking the highest figures indicated by these returns of the yield, the distribution of the production gives 248,000,000 bushels or nearly half of the crop of the United States, viz., Ohio, Michigan, Indiana, Illinois, Missouri and Kansas. The spelt crop of the north-west may make 12,000,000 bushels. The Pacific coast crop, which has been persistently exaggerated in commercial estimates, should much exceed 44,000,000 bushels. The middle States produced about 40,000,000 bushels, and the southern States slightly in excess of 50,000,000 bushels."

This, it must be remembered, is the conclusion reached after a careful analysis of returns to the Department from every State, and after sufficient time had elapsed to enable farmers to arrive at a correct estimate of their crop. In this respect it is entitled to greater consideration than the wild guesses and estimates of many of the commercial editors who have put the crop at between 550 and 600 millions of bushels.

As to the prospective foreign demand, the following from Mr. J. C. Harris is of interest:

"From late papers from London which are devoted entirely to grain interests, giving an account of their crops and threshings, also of the continental crops, I am inclined to believe their crops have been very largely overestimated, especially in France, Italy, Spain, Portugal, Holland, Belgium, western Germany, Denmark, Sweden and Norway. The purchases and shipments at our Atlantic cities, and especially the continental purchases on the London market of cargoes consigned to Cork for orders, and to Liverpool for export to East India, Russia, ports consigned to London houses and included in quantity to Great Britain, but ships instructed to call at Malta and Gibraltar for orders, the wheat sold on the London market and ships ordered from there to continental cities, I should think would not continue as large unless their crops were threshing out very poorly."

"The stocks in all the importing cities of western Europe are quite small, although their imports have been and continue quite large, one city in France taking weekly 500,000 bu."

"You see from Wednesday's dispatch the quantity afloat to the continent grows smaller weekly, though we have been exporting from our Atlantic cities 2,000,000 bushels weekly."

The latest quotations in that market are as follows:

N. Y. State, crop of 1882, choice.....70 10

"The quantity afloat from Russia on September 28 was only 113,000 qrs and from East Indies 100,000 qrs.

"This convinces me that they are more dependent on American wheat than we have the slightest idea of. The total quantity afloat from the Danubian sections is only 19,500 quarters. Austria and Hungary have not sufficient for export to supply the city of Marseilles."

The stronger feeling reported in the various foreign markets go to confirm the above statements, and show that the demand from abroad is likely to be much in excess of the estimates that have here-tofore been accepted.

The following table gives the prices ruling at Liverpool on Saturday as compared with those of one week previous:

Oct. 14.	Oct. 7.
do do do mediums.....	67 1/2
do do do low grades.....	65 1/2
do crop of 1881, good to prime.....	65 1/2
do do do low to fair.....	65 1/2
do old old.....	none
Eastern, crop of 1882, fair to choice.....	65 1/2
Pacific coast do do none	none

Messrs. W. H. & H. LeMay of London, say of the English markets:

"The market is exceedingly firm, and very active; good hops are in great demand at advancing rates. Medium and low find ready buyers at late quotations. The crop comes down very much lighter than even the lowest estimate. Americans and continental are advancing."

Some dealers in New York predict that prices will go to 75 and 80c per lb. before Christmas.

Barley was received here the past week to the amount of 12,120 bu., and the shipments were 1,000 bu. The visible supply of this grain in the country October 7 was 1,213,088 bu., as compared with 1,922,309 bu. at the same date in 1881. This shows an increase in the amount in sight of 649,245 bu. as compared with the previous week. Receipts have been quite large at all the leading points, and there has been a slight decline in consequence. For State barley best offers are \$1 50 to \$1 85 per cental, and western commands about same rates. Canada samples are quoted at \$1 70 to \$2 00 per cental, with fine invoices frequently commanding better terms. In Chicago the market on Saturday was quoted firm at 85 to 85 1/2 per bu. for No. 2 western, and 56c per bu. for No. 3 do. No. 4 sold as low as 40c per bu. In futures No. 2 for October delivery sold at 85 to 86c per bu. In New York No. 1 Canada is quoted at \$1 per bu., and No. 1 bright Canada at \$1 06. The western crop is more or less discolored, and this helps keep down prices.

COIN AND OATS.

The receipts of corn in this market the past week amounted to 16,054 bu., and the shipments were 2,500 bu. The visible supply in the country on Oct. 7 amounted to 5,076,554 bu., against 38,121,000 bu. at the same date last year. The export clearances for Europe the past eight weeks were 658,614 bu., against 7,706,263 bu. for the corresponding eight weeks in 1881. The expected large receipts of corn are not forthcoming, and extreme scarcity is forcing prices upward again. In this city No. 2 corn is in demand at 70c per bu., and sales on track have been made at 71c. It appears that the large receipts of corn in this market the past week amounted to 16,054 bu., and the shipments were 2,500 bu. The visible supply in the country on Oct. 7 amounted to 5,076,554 bu., against 38,121,000 bu. at the same date last year. The export clearances for Europe the past eight weeks were 658,614 bu., against 7,706,263 bu. for the corresponding eight weeks in 1881. 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up again temporarily under the old rates, until committees appointed for the purpose can adjust the differences between the companies and the workmen.

Daniel Camp, a well known planter of Pine Bush, died poisoned a watermelon for the benefit of thieves, but ate it himself and died, and three of his children are lying at death's door from the same cause.

The applications at the patent office for the year ending June 30, including reissues of designs of trade marks and labels, numbered 30,062, being an increase of 5,156 over those for the previous year.

The post-office department is informed that the Attorney General of Tennessee has instructed all the grand juries to return indictments against marriage insurance associations now operating in that State.

A train on the Texas and Pacific railroad ran into a bridge over Sweetwater River, about 200 miles east of Dallas, Texas, and five or six persons were killed and several wounded on the morning of the 10th.

The largest earnings per mile of any railroad in this country during the first eight months of this year were those of the Pennsylvania company, the smallest those of the Toledo, Cincinnati & St. Louis company.

An investigation into the seaworthiness of the steamer Jeannette, lost in the Arctic sea, is in progress. So far evidence shows she was in good serviceable condition, but of a poor build for the work she was to be used for.

James Gordon Bennett has subscribed \$2,000 toward the capital stock of a company which is to lay a new cable across the Atlantic in competition with those controlled by Jay Gould. John W. Garrett is organizing the opposition.

In view of the fact that a large proportion of the divorces granted are based upon allegations of adultery, the Supreme Court of New Hampshire has prescribed that where decrees are granted for crime the offender used.

At Leadville, Col., on the 12th, William Stetson, a telegrapher, Matthew Kellogg had a desperate fight. Straight attempted to strike his uncle's head with a chair, Kellogg drew a pistol and his nephew seized a butcher knife and stabbed him through the heart.

At the late meeting of the directors of the Western Union Telegraph Company, Marvin E. Scott was elected president, Gen. Thomas G. Scott, vice-president and general manager, Augustus Schell, John Van Horne and Harrison Durkee vice-presidents and D. H. Bates acting vice-president.

The commissioner of the United States land office, in his annual report, states that the lands now embraced within the limits of the public domain amount to 99,000,000 acres, including Alaska. He recommends that homestead laws cover all cases now arising.

According to the annual report of the Western Union Telegraph Company, presented at the meeting in New York last week, the company's capital is \$80,000,000, of which \$30,000,000 is in its treasury. The gross receipts for the ensuing year are estimated at \$19,000,000 and the net profits at \$8,000,000.

E. J. Mallett, Jr., a chemist, has invented a system to control combustion, which, it is claimed, will dispense with the use of smokestacks for steamboats, locomotives and stationary engines, besides saving 50 per cent of the fuel. A company has been formed in New York to equip engines with the apparatus.

Just week a murderer named Redmond, in jail at Evansville, Ind., for killing his wife, was taken from the jail by a mob from Posey County, and has probably been hanged. One of the mob, Dave Murphy, was shot and killed by the Evansville police, and several others wounded. Three of the ringleaders were arrested.

While George D. Rose, cashier of the Lebanon Farming Savings Bank, was walking home from his bank on the evening of the 12th, he was assaulted by two strangers, who knocked him into the gutter, relieved him of a satchel containing \$30,000 in bills and made good their escape.

At Collingwood, Ont., the jury which held the inquest on the victims of the sunken steamer Asta brought in a verdict on the 12th. They find the captain was guilty of criminal negligence and caused the shipwreck by failing to follow the vessel to sail without a certificate. The jury also condemn the whole class of propellers to which the Asta belonged as being unsafe and unsuited to lake navigation.

The Earl of Shrewsbury's estate, Ingestre Hall, has been destroyed by fire.

The last census of London gives the city a population of 4,764,312.

Roberts, Williams & Co., timber merchants, Liverpool, have suspended. Liabilities, £10,000.

Nearly 3,000 persons have lodged claims for losses after the bombardment of Alexandria. The claims amount to thirty million dollars.

The new Egyptian army will consist of ten thousand infantry, cavalry and artillery. The officers will be Turks or Circassians.

Great preparations are being made in Germany for celebrating the silver wedding of the Crown Prince and Princess on January 25th.

The London Times discusses the propriety of England's securing a majority of the shares of the Suez Canal Company so as to outwit De Lesseps.

The new steamship Balgairn, of 40,000 tons burden, built at Ardfern for the American trade, was totally wrecked on her trial trip, last week.

The Post has informed Greece that orders have been sent to the Turkish troops in Thessaly to evacuate all the positions on the frontier claimed by Greece.

The Rothschilds are virtual owners of one-fifth of the fertile land in the delta of the Nile. Their share in Egyptian bonds is probably estimated at \$12,000,000.

The coal mine owners in North Staffordshire, Eng., have conceded the demand of their laborers for an advance of 10 per cent in wages. Twenty thousand men are affected by the decision.

Pasteur, the French scientist, is experimenting with the hope of discovering a means to inoculate against hydrophobia in the same way as against small-pox, and thinks he will succeed.

It is expected that some 15,000 people will be present at the Irish national conference at Dublin next month. The main purpose of the conference will be the organization of an Irish national league.

The Khedive's Minister of Finance proposes a list of the stockholders of the Suez Canal, and he finds that several leaders of the rebellion hold stock worth £30,000. He has proposed to the Khedive that this stock be confiscated, and it is probable that the Khedive will adopt the suggestion.

The native officials at Cairo assert that clear evidence will be adduced before the trial opens to show that Egyptian troops at Alexandria on the 11th and 12th of July acted on definite orders from Arabi. The question of allowing Arabi counsel is still undecided and is the subject of correspondence between the English and Egyptian authorities. The Pasha refused to allow English counsel to act for him, but Sir Edward Malet fully advocates the employment of counsel, claiming that the delay in granting the application for counsel will seriously prejudice the case of the Khedive.

Digestion the Great Secret of Life. A good digestion secured by taking Simmons Liver Regulator.

"It is the only medicine that relieved me after suffering five years with dyspepsia, heartburn, sick headache and constipation. GEO. S. AYRES, Delaplane Sta., Va."

HAYESVILLE, OHIO, Feb. 11, 1880.
I am very glad to say I have tried Hop Bitters, and never took anything that did me as much good. I only took two bottles, and I would not take \$100 for the good they did me. I recommend them to my patients, and get the best results from their use.

C. B. MERCER, M. D.

GRAY hairs often cause annoyance, which Parker's Hair Balsam prevents by restoring the youthful color.

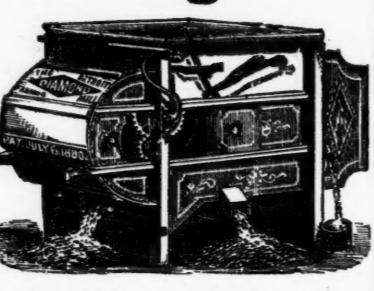
Over 250,000 Howe Scales have been sold and the demand increasing continually. Borden, Selleck & Co., Agents Chicago, Ill.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

NONPAREIL!

A PRACTICAL FARMERS' MILL !

THE DIAMOND
Fanning Mill.



THE DIAMOND MAKES

FOUR Separations at ONE Operation.

It is built to last, and not only does it work well but will last longer, clear grain faster and more thoroughly than any other mill in the market.

Where It Surpasses All Others.

The screens of the Diamond are not set in slides like other mills, but caught in ratchet gear, and can be raised or lowered without changing the position of the mill.

It is more effective when combined with Satan or Moire, but the taste of the season is for making such costumes entirely of the Velvet and with very little trimming.

—Harper's Bazaar.

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DETROIT, MICH.

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Thoroughbred Stock and general auctioneer. Office 88 Griswold Street, Detroit, Mich. Sales conducted throughout the State. Well posted in pedigree and breeding.

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WEIGH WHAT YOU SELL AND BUY

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67 YEARS IN USE.

GUARANTEED

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Adopted by U. S. government at forts and garrisons and by all government departments of thin and other countries.

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Maple Place Breeding Farm.

Fresh Importation of Holsteins.

Our importation of Holsteins or Dutch Friesians has just arrived in good shape, and are a very nice lot. We can spare a few first class animals at reasonable prices. Apply to

PHELPS & SEELEY,
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FOR SALE.

A choice lot of American Merino bucks, Poland China sows from some of the best families in Ohio and Michigan. Also some choice young Shorthorn heifers and bulls. All reasonably good. All stock guaranteed.

L. K. BEACH,
Box 450, Howell, Mich.

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Shorthorns For Sale.

ADJOURING MY PUBLIC SALE:

I have four young cows, six two year old heifers, three yearling heifers and six heifer calves; also two good three year old two year old white and black primed all together in two separate lots, previous to November 1st, 1882. First class pedigrees. Cash or approved credit.

L. K. BEACH,
Box 450, Howell, Mich.

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NEW APPLES

Tulips, Root Stocks, etc., etc., at wholesale prices. Retailer, F. K. PHOENIX.

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TREES

FRUIT and Ornamental, Grape Vines, Berry Plants, Shrubs, Rose, etc., etc., at wholesale prices. Retailer, F. K. PHOENIX.

E. L. ILGENFRITZ & SONS,
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ARREARS of PAY and BOUNTY

To Union Soldiers

Reported on ROLLS as DESERTERS.

ACT of AUGUST 7, 1882. Apply to

Milo B. STEVENS & Co.

OFFICES: Le Droit Building, WASHINGTON D. C.; Case Building, CLEVELAND, Ohio; Abner Building, Detroit, Mich.; Metropolitan Block, CHICAGO, Ill.

s22-3m

THE KEDIVE'S MINISTER of Finance possesses a list of the stockholders of the Suez Canal, and he finds that several leaders of the rebellion hold stock worth £30,000. He has proposed to the Khedive that this stock be confiscated, and it is probable that the Khedive will adopt the suggestion.

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Contracts Taken for Removing Stumps.

J. E. HOLLINGSWORTH,

General Agent & Contractor for Southern Michigan.

Price Very Low.

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Flexible Harrow and Grain Cultivator.

All Teeth. Steel Bed implement in use. Unequalled as a harrow. Works equally well in growing Wheat, Potatoes, young corn, oats, etc. 25 to 50 acres per day cultivated by one man. Will be sold for itself.

In one year. Send for Illustrated Price List.

H. A. Streeter, Sole Proprietor and Manufacturer,

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JOHNSTONE & GIBBONS,

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NASAL or Bronchial CATARRH.

No Pay asked till Cured.

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New and very choice Cardome Chords, name on 10c Sample book 50c. Crown Printing Co., Nortford, Ct.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

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NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

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LANDRETH'S PEDIGREE SEEDS

ESTABLISHED 1844

SEEDS For the MERCHANT on our New Plant

Poetry.

FOLLOW.

I like these plants that you call weeds—
Sedge, hardhack, mullein, yarrow,—
That knit their roots, and sift their seeds
Through country by-ways narrow.

They fringe the country hillside farms,
Grown old with cultivation,
With such wild wealth of rustic charms
As bloomed in Nature's matron arms
The first days of creation.

They show how Mother Earth loves best
To deck her tired out places;
By flowing lips, in hours of rest,
Against hard work she will protest
With homely air and graces.

You plow the arbutus from her hills;
Hew down her mountain laurel.
Their place, as best she can, she fills
With numberless blossoms; so she wills
To close with you her quarrel.

She yielded to your axe with pain,
Her free, primrose glory;
She brought you crops of golden grain;
You say, "How dull she grows! how plain!"—
The old, mean, selfish story!

Her wildwood soul you may subdue,
Tortured by hoe and harrow;
But leave her for a year or two,
And see! she stands and laughs at you,
With hardhack, mullein, yarrow!

Dear Earth, the world is hard to please!
Yet Heaven's breath gently passes
Into the life of flowers like these;
And I lie down at blessed ease;
Among the weeds and grasses.

—Lucy Larcom.

AND NOW COMES AUTUMN.

And now comes autumn—artist bold and fine,
Exceeding rich in brightest tints that be—
And with a skill that tells of power divine
Paints the landscape wonderfully fine.

Over the chestnut cloth of gold he throws,
Tresses the ash purple, cheers with scarlet glows
The lonely suniac, that erewhile was seen
In dull foliage of a sombre green,
Where daisies bloomed gives golden rose instead,
Shains every oak leaf with the darkest red,
Sets all the woodbine's waving sprays on fire,
And leaves them flanking from the cedar's spire;
And clustering berries hangs here and there,
Some like the rubies, some are round and fair
As pearls, some blue as sapphires, some as brown
As the fast-fading leaves that rustle down
Beneath the trees that gave them life, to die,
Or else away with roving winds to fly.

And when at last all's finished—hill and dale,
Wild wood and field—he drops a misty veil
Over the picture, and a few glad days
The world looks on with wonder and with praise,
Till faint and fainter all the colors grow,
And winter hides it underneath the snow.

Miscellaneous.

A SMALL BEGINNING.

BY SUSAN COOLIDGE.

A little ground-floor room, a little fire in a small stove, burning dully as fires are apt to do at times when their blaze might be worth something in the way of cheer; out doors the raw gray of a spring's thaw; on the window-seat two girls crouched together, and looking out with faces as disconsolate as the weather. Such was the picture presented at No. 13 Farewell street, three years ago last March.

Farewell street was so named because of its being the customary route of exit from the old cemetery; the point where mourners were supposed to turn for a last look at the gates which had just shut in the newly-buried friend; and this association, as well as the glimpse of the tall cemetery fence, topped with mournful evergreens, which bounded the view, did not tend to make the sad outlook any less sad on that dismal day. For it was only a fortnight since Delia and Hetty Willett, the girls on the window-seat, had left within those gates the kind old grandmother, who for years had stood to them in the stead of father and mother both.

"The Willets," as the neighbors called them, using the collective phrase always, were twins, and just eighteen years old. Bearing to each other even a stronger personal likeness than twins customarily possess, they were in other points curiously unlike. Delia was soft and clinging, Hetty vigorous and self-reliant. Delia loved to be guided, Hetty to guide; the former had few independent views and opinions, the latter was brimful of ideas and fancies, plans and purposes, some crude, some foolish, but all her own. Yet, oddly enough, it was Delia, very often, who gave the casting vote in their decisions, for Hetty's love for her slender twin was a sentiment so deep and intense that she often yielded against her own better sense and judgment, simply for the pleasure of yielding to what Delia wished. Delia in return adored her sister, waited on her, petted, consoled, "exactly as if she were Hetty's wife," Aunt Polly said, "and the worst was they suited each other so well that no one else would ever suit either of them, and they were bound to die old maids in consequence!"

But eighteen can laugh at such auguries, and there was no thought or question of marriage in the minds of the sisters, as they crouched that afternoon close together on the window-seat.

A very different question absorbed them, and a perplexing one; how they were to live, an i to keep together while doing so, which meant pretty much the same thing to them both. Grandmother's death had left them with so very, very little—her annuity died with her. There was the old house, the plain, worn furniture to which they had been accustomed to all their lives, and about a hundred dollars a year! What could they do with that?

"It one of us only happened to be clever," sighed Delia. "If I could paint pictures, or you had a talent for writing, how easy it would be."

"I don't know as to that," responded Hetty. "Seems to me I've heard of people who did those things, and yet didn't find it so mighty easy to get along. Somebody's got to buy the pictures after they're painted, and read the books, and pay for them." She spoke in an absent tone, and her brow was knitted into the little frown which Delia knew betokened that her twin was puzzling hard over something.

"Don't scowl, it'll spoil your forehead," she said, smoothing out the objectionable frown with her fingers.

"Was I scowling? Well, never mind, I'm trying to think, Dely. You can't paint, and I can't write. The question is what can we do?"

"That is the question," said a voice at the door. It was Aunt Polly's voice. She managed on most days to drop in and give a look to them, the lonely little creatures," as she would have expressed it, taking in the situation at a glance; the dismal room, the depressed and tearful cheeks of the two girls, the lack of comfort and cheer. She switched open the stove door as she passed, threw in a stick of wood, twirled the damper, and gave a brisk, rousing shake to the ashes—all with the turn of the hand as it were—attentions to which the stove presently responded with a brisk roar.

"Well, it's time you did. I was planning to have a talk with you before long, for you ought to settle to something. Pull the blind down, Dely, and Hetty, you light the lamp, and come to the fire both of you, and let's see what we can make of it. It's a tangled skein enough, I don't deny it; but most skeins are that, and there's always a right end somewhere, if the Lord'll give us sense enough to get hold of it and keep on pulling out and winding up."

Presently the girls were seated close to Aunt Polly's rocking chair. The room looked more cheerful now, with the lamp-light and the yellow glow from the stove, and both were conscious of a sense of hopefulness.

"Now—what can you do?" demanded Aunt Polly, whirling round in her chair as to face them.

"We hadn't got so far as that when you came in," replied Hetty; "I suppose we must do what other people do in the same circumstances."

"What's that?"

"Teach something, or sew, I suppose."

"Sewing's slow starvation in my opinion, unless you've got a machine, which you haven't, and not much better than that. What did you know that you can teach?"

"Not much," replied Hetty, humbly, while Delia added, hesitatingly: "We could teach children their letters, perhaps."

"I presume you could," responded Aunt Polly dryly. "But, though you mayn't know it, perhaps, there are about fifty women in this town can do the same, and who mean to do it. And the most of 'em have got the start of you in one way or another, so what's your chance worth? No, girls, sewing and teaching are played out. They are good things in their way, but every woman who's got her living to earn thinks of them the very first thing and of nothing else, and the market is always overstocked. My advice to you is, to think up something you can do better than other people—that's what gives folks a real chance! Now what is there?"

"There isn't anything I can do better than other people," cried the dismayed Delia. "Not Hetty either—except make gingerbread," she added, with a faint little laugh. "Hetty beats everybody at that, grandmother always said."

"Very well; make gingerbread then. That's your thing to do," said Aunt Polly.

Hetty looked at her with incredulous eyes.

"You're not in earnest, are you?" she said.

"I am. In dead earnest."

"But, Aunt Polly, gingerbread! Such a little thing as that! Who ever heard of a girl's doing such a thing."

"All the better if they never did. A new trade has a double chance. As for the 'little' great things often come from small beginnings. Fortunes have been made out of gingerbread before now! I'll be bound, or if not that, out of something no bigger, No, Hetty, depend on it, if your gingerbread is best, folks will want it. And if your teaching or sewing is only second best, they won't. It's the law of human nature, and a very good law, too, though it cuts the wrong way sometimes, like all laws."

"Aunt Polly, you're a genius," cried Hetty, warmed into sudden glow by this vigorous common sense. "I can make good gingerbread, and it's just as you say, neither of you know how to teach well, and we are both poor hands at sewing, and we should have a much better chance if we tried to do what we can and not what we can't. Why shouldn't I make gingerbread? Dely'd help me, and if folks liked our things and bought them, we could live and keep together. We could make a kind of shop of this room, couldn't we? What do you think?"

"Tisn't a bit a bad place for such a trade," said Aunt Polly, slowly measuring the room with her eyes. "Being on a corner is an advantage, you see; and there's that double winder on the street gives a first-rate chance to show what you've got to sell. I never did see no use in that winder before. My father, he had it cut for a kind of a whim like, and we all thought it was notional in him; but, as they say, keep a thing long enough and it'll turn up. It's a sort of a gain for you, too, having the house so old-fashioned. Folks has a hankering for such thinks, nowadays—the Lord knows why—I hear 'em going on about it when I'm tailoring; calling ugly things 'quaint' and lovely, because they're old. Hetty"—with sudden inspiration—"here's an idea for you, be 'quaint'!"

So Sandy McCullen was regularly engaged as "bread boy," and business grew brisker still.

"Aunt Polly, we've got to another notch," said Hetty, at the end of the first year. "You don't happen to know of a girl, do you, who could help us in the baking? Dell and I can't keep up with the orders. She gets so tired every now and then that she can't sleep, and that worries me so that I lie awake, too."

"That'll never answer; no, I don't know of any girl, but there's a nice kind of an oldish woman, if she'll do, that I'd like to recommend. Yes—I mean myself"—she went on, chuckling at Hetty's amazed look.

"It's come to me more than once lately, that it'd be kind of good and restful to make a change, and not go on tailoring forever, all the rest of my days. I used to be a master hand at bread and piecrust, too, when I was your age, and I've a little saved up which can go with the business, if it's needed; and, if you girls say so, we'll make a sort of a family firm of the thing. How does it strike you?"

"Oh, Aunt Polly, the very thing, only it

pared to furnish, to order, fresh bread, buns, biscuits, and grandmother's gingerbread, all home made."

People smiled over the little notice, but the odd wording struck in their memories as odd things will, and more than one person went out of his way during the next week to take a look into the wide, low window, within which on a broad, napkin-covered shelf, stood rows of biscuits, light and white, buns, each glazed with shining amber-brown, and loaves of gingerbread, whose complexion and smell were enough to touch for their excellence. Acting on Aunt Polly's suggestion, Hetty had set forth her wares on plates of the oldest and oddest pattern which could be found in grandmother's closet. A queer, tall pitcher flanked them on either side, and round the window-frame she had twined the long, luxuriant shoots of a pot-ivy. Altogether the effect was pretty, and no one need be told that the pitchers had for years been relegated to the reception of yeast and corks, or that the plates had long since been relegated to kitchen use as too shabby for better occasions.

"Hain't ye no white chany," remarked the first customer, an old woman, as she counted out the pennies for half a dozen biscuits. "It would kind of set your cakes off."

"We used what we had," replied Hetty, diplomatically. "But I hope your biscuits will taste just as good as if they came off a white plate."

This old woman, two others, and a little boy, were the only customers the first day.

"Tisn't a bit good beginning," declared Delia, pouring the money received out of an old-fashioned china tea-caddy, which Hetty had unearthed in an upstairs closet, and brought down to serve as a till. "Two dozen biscuits, that's twenty-four cents, a loaf of gingerbread and about half the buns. That's fifty-three cents in all. What did you know that you can teach?"

"About seventy cents. But then we have had our supper and breakfast out of them, and nearly half the stock to sell at a reduced rate to-morrow. We shan't lose anything, I reckon, but we shan't gain much either."

"Rome wasn't built all in a minute. You will do yet," remarked Aunt Polly, who had dropped in to hear the results of the first day's sales.

But two days—three weeks went by and still trade did not materially improve, and it took all Aunt Polly's wise saws and hopeful auguries to keep their spirits up. Each day showed the same record, no loss, but almost no gain. Toward the end of the second week, matters mended. Mrs. Corliss, the wife of a wealthy manufacturer, having an errand in Farewell street, happened to pass the little window, and her bric-a-brac loving eyes were caught at once by its unusual appearance. She stopped, studied the whole arrangement, from the ivy wreath to the old pitchers; a recollection of the droll little advertisement over which she had laughed a few days previously, came over her. "I declare, this is the very place," she said to herself, and opening the door she entered, precisely as Hetty came from the kitchen through the opposite door, a hankie tied over her shiny hair, a white apron with a little ruffled waist protecting her print gown, her cheeks flushed rosy pink with heat, and in her hands a tray full of crisp, delectably smelling ginger-snap.

"A real study—like a Flemish picture," said Mrs. Corliss afterward. She fell in love at once with the quaint room, the pretty sisters, the old china, stayed twenty minutes nibbling ginger-snaps and looking about her, bought a dollar's worth of everything, "on trial," as she said, and swept out, leaving a wake of rose colored hope in the air—and Delia and Hetty executing a wild waltz behind her back, for joy and congratulation.

"Lucky has turned—I know, I feel it, I'm done!"

"All the better if they never did. A new trade has a double chance. As for the 'little' great things often come from small beginnings. Fortunes have been made out of gingerbread before now! I'll be bound, or if not that, out of something no bigger, No, Hetty, depend on it, if your gingerbread is best, folks will want it. And if your teaching or sewing is only second best, they won't. It's the law of human nature, and a very good law, too, though it cuts the wrong way sometimes, like all laws."

"Aunt Polly, you're a genius," cried Hetty, warmed into sudden glow by this vigorous common sense. "I can make good gingerbread, and it's just as you say, neither of you know how to teach well, and we are both poor hands at sewing, and we should have a much better chance if we tried to do what we can and not what we can't. Why shouldn't I make gingerbread? Dely'd help me, and if folks liked our things and bought them, we could live and keep together. We could make a kind of shop of this room, couldn't we? What do you think?"

"Tisn't a bit a bad place for such a trade," said Aunt Polly, slowly measuring the room with her eyes. "Being on a corner is an advantage, you see; and there's that double winder on the street gives a first-rate chance to show what you've got to sell. I never did see no use in that winder before. My father, he had it cut for a kind of a whim like, and we all thought it was notional in him; but, as they say, keep a thing long enough and it'll turn up. It's a sort of a gain for you, too, having the house so old-fashioned. Folks has a hankering for such thinks, nowadays—the Lord knows why—I hear 'em going on about it when I'm tailoring; calling ugly things 'quaint' and lovely, because they're old. Hetty"—with sudden inspiration—"here's an idea for you, be 'quaint'!"

So Sandy McCullen was regularly engaged as "bread boy," and business grew brisker still.

"Aunt Polly, we've got to another notch," said Hetty, at the end of the first year. "You don't happen to know of a girl, do you, who could help us in the baking? Dell and I can't keep up with the orders. She gets so tired every now and then that she can't sleep, and that worries me so that I lie awake, too."

"That'll never answer; no, I don't know of any girl, but there's a nice kind of an oldish woman, if she'll do, that I'd like to recommend. Yes—I mean myself"—she went on, chuckling at Hetty's amazed look.

"It's come to me more than once lately, that it'd be kind of good and restful to make a change, and not go on tailoring forever, all the rest of my days. I used to be a master hand at bread and piecrust, too, when I was your age, and I've a little saved up which can go with the business, if it's needed; and, if you girls say so, we'll make a sort of a family firm of the thing. How does it strike you?"

"Oh, Aunt Polly, the very thing, only it

seems too good to be true. Do you really mean it? We did so hate the idea of a raw girl, to whom we should have to teach everything, and who would spoil half she made for the first month, and I've fought it off as long as I could; why, it will be like having grandmother come back to have you living with us. There's the west room all ready. Dear me! How delightful things seem to turn out for us always!"

"That wasn't your view always, it seems to me," rejoined Aunt Polly. "A year ago you was pretty down in the mouth, if I don't mistake. Gingerbread is good for something, you see."

"The Old Time Bakery" still goes on in Farewell street, but it has grown far beyond its original proportions. If you were to visit it to-day you would find room double the size of the former, and which has been made by taking down a partition between the sitting room and spare bedroom, and throwing them into one. There are two windows on the street now, one full of bread, biscuits and buns, the other with Hetty's now famous gingerbread, and with delicious looking pumpkin pies and apple tarts, with old-fashioned flaky crust, which are Aunt Polly's specialty, and have added greatly to the reputation of the establishment.

Still it is not a shop. Hetty, with wary good taste has scrupulously preserved the "quaint" look, which first gave character to the little enterprise, and by judicious rummaging in neighbors' garrets, has acquired sundry old time chairs, bottles, jugs, and platters, which help in the effect.

Everything is scrupulously clean and bright, as all things must be where Aunt Polly supervises, but the brightest things in the room are the faces of the twin sisters. They have tested and proved their powers; they know now what they can do, and they taste the happiness of success.

I tell their little story, in which is nothing remarkable, or out of the way, for the sake of other girls, who, perhaps are sitting to-day, with folded hands, and puzzling and wondering, just as Hetty and Dell did, over what they are to do and how to set about it. I do not mean at all that these girls should make gingerbread—that indeed would be "overstocking the market," as Aunt Polly would say, but only that they should harken to her word of wisdom, "find out what they can do, and do that," whatever it is, secure that good work, and hearty striving will win some measure of success soon or late, even if its beginnings are small and insignificant,

about seven o'clock in the evening, the fact that flogging is prohibited by law.

Once become soldiers, and branded as it were by the uniform, escape from the ranks, until term of service expires, is impossible. Desertion is generally punished by death, even in time of peace.

They are treated by their officers, not the least improve them. They are dragged from their fields while at work, or snatched from their mud huts, chained together in gangs, and carried

The Egyptian Army.

A correspondent of the New York Nation who saw service in Egypt, thus describes the soldier of that country:

The larger part of the Egyptian army is

1882.

THE SYMPTOMS.

Pays. First notice if he sits alone
And meditates or writes a lot,
Or talks in an abstracted tone,
Or walks about at nights a lot,
Observe if he delights to wade
Through multitudes of "spooky" verses
And if he hints at certain maid
Is peerless in the universe.
And also note if he avoids
The postman's coming eagerly,
And if he often wows the fates
Are smiling on him meagrely,
Observe if he appears to pine,
And if he's disinclined to dine,
And appetite seems leaving him.
If ever and anon he groans
With sobs and sighs mysterious,
And mutters in abstracted tones,
Be sure his state is serious.
And if he raves of some "sweet dove,"
And goes on a cart at times,
You'll know he's suffering from love,
Which much affects the heart at times.
Your treatment must at first be mild—
Don't rashly mix his "mooneens";
A man's as helpless as a child.
When suffering from "spooniness,"
Love's partners ne'er like being chaffed,
Although they show insanity;
Just give him wedlock, that's the draught
To bring him back to sanity.

Brave Dorothy.

Until she was 19 years old, Dorothy lived a very uneventful life, for one week was much the same as another in the placid existence of the village. On Sunday mornings, when the church-bells began to ring, you would meet her walking over the moor with a springy step. Her shawl was gray, and her dress was of the most pronounced color that could be bought in the market-town. Her brown hair was gathered in a net, and her calm eyes looked from under an old-fashioned bonnet of straw. Her feet were always bare, but she carried her shoes and stockings slung over her shoulder. When she got near the church she sat down in the shade of a hedge and put them on; then she walked the rest of the distance with a cramped and civilized air.

Every boat in the village went away north one evening, and not a man remained in the row excepting three very old fellows, who were long past work of any kind. When a fisherman grows helpless with age he is kept by his own people, and his days are passed in quietly smoking on a kitchen settle or in looking dimly out over the sea from the bench at the door. A southerly gale, with a southerly sea came away in the night, and the boats could not beat down from the northward. By daylight they were all safe in a harbor about 18 miles north of the village. The sea grew worse and worse, and the usual clouds of foam flew against the houses or skinned away into the fields beyond. When the wind reached its height the sounds it made in the hollows were like distant firing of small arms, and the waves in the hollow rocks seem to shake the ground over the cliffs. A little schooner came round the point, running before the sea. She might have got clear away, because it was easy enough for her, had she cleared a short way out, risking the beam sea, to have made the harbor where the fishermen were. But the skipper kept her close in, and presently she struck on a long tongue of rocks that trended far out eastward. The tops of her masts seemed nearly to meet, so it appeared as if she had broken her back. The seas flew sheer over her, and the men had to climb into the rigging. All the women were watching and waiting to see her to pieces. There was no chance of getting a boat out, so the villagers waited to see the men drown; and the women cried in their shrill, piteous manner. Dorothy said: "Will she break up in an hour? If I thought she could hang there, I would be away for the lifeboat." But the old men said: "You can never cross the burn." Four miles south, behind the point, there was a village where the lifeboat was kept; but just half way a stream ran into the sea, and across this stream there was only a plank bridge. Half a mile below the bridge the water spread far over the broad sand and became very shallow and wide. Dorothy spoke no more, except to say, "I'll away." She ran across the moor for a mile, and then scrambled down in the sand so that the tearing wind might not impede her. It was dangerous work for the next mile. Every yard of the way she had to plash through the foam, because the great waves were rolling up very nearly to the foot of the cliffs. An extra strong sea might have caught her off her feet, but she did not think of that; she only thought of saving her breath by escaping the direct onslaught of the wind. When she came to the mouth of the burn her heart failed her for a little. There was three-quarters of a mile of water covered with creamy form, and she did not know what she might be taken out of her depth. Yet she determined to risk it, and plunged in at a run. The sand was hard under feet, but as she said, when the piled foam came softly up to her waist, she "felt gay." Half way across she stumbled into a hole caused by a swinging eddy, and she thought all was over; but nerve never failed her, and she struggled till she got a footing again. When she reached the hard ground she was wet to the neck, and her hair was sodden with her one plunge "overhead." Her clothes troubled her with their weight in crossing the moor; so she put off all she did not need and pressed forward again. Presently she reached the house where the coxswain of the lifeboat lived. She gasped out, "The schooner! On the Leech! Nor-

The coxswain, who had seen the schooner go past, knew what was the matter. He said, "Here, wife, look after the lass," and ran out. The "lass" needed looking after, for she had fainted. But her work was well done; the lifeboat went round the point, ran north and took six men ashore from the schooner. The captain had been washed overboard, but the others were saved by Dorothy's daring and endurance. The girl is as simple as ever, and she knows nothing whatever about Grace Darling. If she were offered any reward she would probably wonder why she should receive one.—[St. James' Gazette.]

Artemus Ward and the London Cabby.

Artemus Ward, the prince of humorists, positively revelled in what I think he was the first to dub a "goek." I remember, late one night in the fall of 1866, Artemus, dear little Jeff Prowse and my humble self were left alone in the club room at Ashley's. Artemus proposed an adjournment to the Alhambra. Prowse and self joyfully assented. Artemus asked Jeff to charter a cab. The vehicle soon drew up. It was a clear night, and the hotel and street lamps shed a bright light, which gave us a full view of the driver's face. He was grave and stolid-looking, and evidently self-possessed. Artemus seemed to study the man's features for a brief moment; then he intimated to me in a whisper that he was going to have a lark with cabby. Assuming a grave air, which sat so marvellously well on his face, he addressed the man in slow, measured accents. "My friend," he said, "you look to me a man of thought and experience, in fact, the very man likely to decide a most difficult question which has arisen between me and my friend here," pointing to Jeff, who looked slightly puzzled. "Do you take me? Will you be a brother to us?" Cabby looked so dubious at first that I thought he was going to say "Gammon" or "Shut up," or something of the sort. However, so wondrously intent did Artemus look, and so supernally grave was his manner that the man's suspicions faded away from his face as snow will under a hot sun. He gave a half-grunt, then said briefly, "Fire away, guv'nor, let's know what's all about."

"Well," responded Artemus, with slow deliberateness, weighing every word apparently. "Well, look ye here, now, my friend; that gentleman there"—pointing again to Jeff Prowse, who, not knowing exactly how Charley might choose to compromise him with a mayhap irate Jeff, began to slight signs of feeling rather uncomfortable—"maintains that it is the divergence of contradictory opinions, which in the natural logical sequence of reasoning, and in the infernal conclusions of argumentation, must in the final end inevitably lead to convergence, and concord and harmony among people, and bring about the most devoutly-wished-for consummation when man to man the world all o'er shall brethren be and a' that. I trust you follow me, my friend?" "I follow you, guv'nor; fire away," said cabby briefly, who evidently was not quite clear yet what it all could possibly be about. "Now, you see, my good fellow," pursued Artemus, with increased intentness of face and graver ponderousness of manner and diction, "I, on the other part, assert, and I mean to stick to it too, let galsay who may"—with a ferocious glare our way—"that it is contrariwise and opposite the convergence of concurrent, concordant and coincident opinions that must inevitably in its corollary and concomitant consequential train of its outcome result lead to divergences, difficulties and differences"—raising his voice to a higher pitch, and frantically sawing and beating the air with his outstretched right arm—"which will make one man jump at another's throat and strive to strangle him to death!" Then he proceeded more quickly—"Now, my friend, you cannot but admit that I have placed the case duly before you. Now, please, give us your decision." Cabby, who had apparently listened with much serious attention to this ringerole, bent his head on one side, and with one eye shut, gave Artemus the benefit of an imitatively droll look. Then he proceeded with gravity of manner equal to Ward's and still more ponderous slowness of enunciation, to deliver himself of the following oracular decision, which would have done honor to great Busby himself: "Well, guv'nor, it is a knotty pint and a' ard nut to crack for the like o' me; seen as there is a great deal to be said both sides; and don't ye think, now, guv'nor, it's rather a dry question to settle? Vich I knowned from the first y'e vos a gen'leman, hever' inch o' you, guv'nor." Having said which he looked expectant. "Sold!" cried Artemus, laughing, jumping into the vehicle followed by us. "You shall have your liquor, cabby. Drive on."

Alligator Waiting for Dinner. An alligator's throat is an animated sewer. Everything which lodges in his open mouth goes down. He is a lazy dog, and instead of hunting for something to eat, he lets his victim hunt for him. That is, he lies with his great mouth open, apparently dead, like the "possum. Soon a bug crawls into it, then a fly, then several gnats and a colony of mosquitoes. The alligator doesn't close his mouth yet. He is waiting for a whole drove of things. He does his eating by wholesale. A little later a lizard will cool himself under the shade of the upper jaw. Then a few frogs will hop up to catch the mosquitoes. Then more mosquitoes and the gnats will light on the frogs. Finally a whole village of insects and reptiles settle down for an afternoon picnic. Then all at once there is an earthquake. The big jaw falls, the alligator blinks one eye, gulps down the whole menagerie, and opens his great front door again for more.

Mothers Should Know It.

Fretful babies cannot help disturbing everybody, and mothers should know how soothng Parker's Ginger Tonic. It stops babies' pains, makes them healthy, relieves their own anxiety and is safe to use.—Journal.

VARIETIES.

The New York Sun says:

Yesterday's meeting of the Baptist ministers was opened with prayer by Father Stimson, a man of 80 years old, and has preached for 50 years. Stories are told of him in which those who expected to raise a laugh at the old Domine found the tables turned against them in the most unexpected manner. One runs as follows:

Father Stimson owned a good horse, but the keeping of the beast was somewhat of a drain on the Domine's pocket, and he was in the habit of dropping a hint to his parishioners that a little hay would be acceptable. One day a church member asked him to bring Mrs. Stimson to dinner.

"Certainly," said Father Stimson, "and as it is hay time, I'll put some hay on the wagon when I go back home."

"All right, Father," replied the church member, "but bring a one-horse wagon."

Father Stimson took his wife to dinner in a wagon with an ample hay tick that would hold a haystack.

"See here," said the parishioner, as he helped Mrs. Stimson out of the hayrick, "you said you were going to bring a one-horse wagon, and now you've brought with the most capacious hay apparatus I ever saw."

"Oh! I've brought the one-horse wagon," said Father Stimson, "but the hayrick—that's a two-horse hayrick."

He drove away after supper with 2,300 pounds of hay.

Father Stimson was the first to use gospel tents in the west. He put them up himself. A fellow who passed him one morning as he was hard at work on his tent called to him in a loud voice:

"Hullo there! Are you going to have a circus?"

"Yes," said the preacher, continuing his work without looking up, "and I am looking for a barbecue. Don't you want to hire yourself to me?"

The preacher was chaplain in the 9th New York cavalry in the war. The Colonel was fond of leading the soldiers through deep puddles at the regular drill, and the Chaplain one day rode around the puddle and thereby fell out of the regular order. The General noticed it, and at the close of the drill, when the officers came together, said with a sneer:

"If chaplain Stimson is afraid to ride through muddy water for fear of soiling his clothing, I will carry him across the puddle myself."

"Thank you," the chaplain said; "but as the Government provides horses, I don't see any reason why I should ride on a jackass."

A WAG OF A LAWYER, says the Iowa State Register, was sitting in his office the other day deeply engaged in unravelling some knotty question, when a gentleman entered and inquired:

"Is this Mr. Z—?"

The student of Blackstone, raising his eyes from the legal book before him, replied:

"If you owe anything, or have any business in my line, then Z— is my name; if you have a claim to present I am not the man. If you called simply for a social chat, you can call me any name you choose."

I propose to present you with some business in your line. I have a note of twenty-five dollars, which I want you to collect."

So saying, he handed the lawyer a note, and departed to call again the next day. As soon as he was gone the lawyer ascertained that it was one of his own promises to pay.

The next day his client again appeared, and inquired:

"Well, what success?"

"All right; I have collected the money. Here it is, less my fees," handing him fifteen dollars.

"Good!" said the client. "I have made \$2.50 by this operation."

"How so?" said the lawyer.

"Well," replied the client. "I tried all over the city to sell your note for \$12.50, and couldn't do it."

"Who is Maria?" was the question that started Mr. Brown (who talks in his sleep) as he woke the other morning and found Mrs. Brown sitting up in bed with an interrogation point in one eye and an exclamation point in the other.

"Maria? Maria who?"

"That's just what I want to know; you repeated the name over and over again last night."

"Let me see—oh, yes, that's Parker's dog—a splendid animal. I've been trying to buy her."

"You ought to own her, certainly; you are excessively fond of her. You asked Parker's dog to put her arms around your neck and kiss you. You even went so far as to tell Parker's dog that you loved her with all your heart, and that when you came to die if you could only lay your head on Parker's dog's bosom you could breathe your life out sweetly there. Then you asked Parker's dog to have another plate of ice cream, and if the watch you had given her kept good time. During the night you kissed Parker's dog a dozen times, called her all the pet names known, and proved to me conclusively that you ought to live with Parker's dog and not with me."

Mrs. Brown has gone to her mother.

A negro planter came to Vicksburg the other day, sold his cotton, put his money in his pocket book and started down the river. Leaning too far over the guards as the boat backed out, he fell overboard. His portmanteau, which was in his side pocket, fell out and rode with his hat on the surface of the water, while the current carried the negro away. The yawl was lowered and assistance at once started toward the drowning man, who, perceiving his treasure floating off, raised his voice and shouted: "Save dat pocketbook!" His head went under and he disappeared. As he rose up again he gasped, "Dar's \$110 in dat pocketbook!" Scarcely had he uttered the words before he sank a second time. The yawl came within reach just in time to rescue the drowning African as he came to the surface for the last time. As soon as the water was wiped from his nose and mouth so that he could speak, he said: "Did—did you save dat pocketbook?" "No," was the response. "Well, den," said the negro, regretfully, "what de debil was de use of savin' me?"

EASILY PROVEN.—It is easily proven that malarial fevers, constipation, torpidity of the liver and kidneys, general debility, nervousness, and neuralgic ailments yield readily to this great disease conqueror, Hop Bitters. It repels the ravages of disease by converting the food into rich blood, and it gives new life and vigor to the aged and infirm always.

Chaff.

Sleep knits up the ravelled sleeve of care, but she lets the worn out seat of poverty's pants take care of itself.

What a man is bound to me for advice I find out the best of advice he wants, and I give it to him this satisfies him, but he and I are two as bad men as there is living.—Billings

Arthur to Beau: "Well, did you kill many patridges?" "Not one; but still I am very well satisfied with myself. I came much nearer than last year!"

"Have a huck, sir," vociferated a huckman to a traveler as he came out of the depot. The traveler looked the turnout over and said: "No, not if I've got to take the horses, too."

Buffalo Bill has brought suit to recover \$40,000 worth of property in Cleveland, and some one expresses the hope that, in case he is successful, he will put aside 20

hundred thousand dollars to help the Indians.

A Philadelphia mother told her little boy that Sankey walked up to the grenadier, and taking him affectionately by the belt, said: "Young man, I like you as a soldier—a soldier of Heaven."

"Old 'un," returned the grenadier, "you're a good boy."

A Maryland man whose wife dropped dead, a few days ago, had the funeral put off one day longer to get the balance of his corn-hed. He said it wouldn't make any difference to her, as she was always good-natured.

The report that an English admiral said

that the valor of the American marines at Alexandria did not surprise him, because men brave enough to go to sea in an American man-of-war were reckoned enough to do anything, is a confounded lie.

The tourist who just returned from the Caucasus (Mid-Mile X. sing. well?) "Not very bad; but at the end of the second grand air—"

"She was wanting in voice?"

"Not exactly, but she showed a certain re-

act. The reserve which represses undue

familiarity without at the same time check-

ing affection, which gives no encouragement

to mischievous tale bearing, so common

among families where harmony is not a guest, helps one amazingly in our author's

"promiscuous world."

The possessor can move as fast as the Lady amid the Rout of

Comus, tranquil and undisturbed, untouched

by the squabbles and petty jealousies

about. More unhappy lives, and more di-

vorces, are caused by the ill-judged interfer-

ence, misplaced sympathy and rash

judgments of "ready made relatives" than from

any other cause. To the new friends are

due respect, consideration and courtesy, and

whatever of love the heart compels, but the

sacrifice of domestic privacy should be a

Holy of Holies, sacred to two hearts only.

It very frequently happens that the

young wife is to live in the same house

with her husband's parents or brothers and

sisters. In this case there must be both

"bearing" and "forebearing," patience

and self-control. It is often said that no

house was ever yet built which was large

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